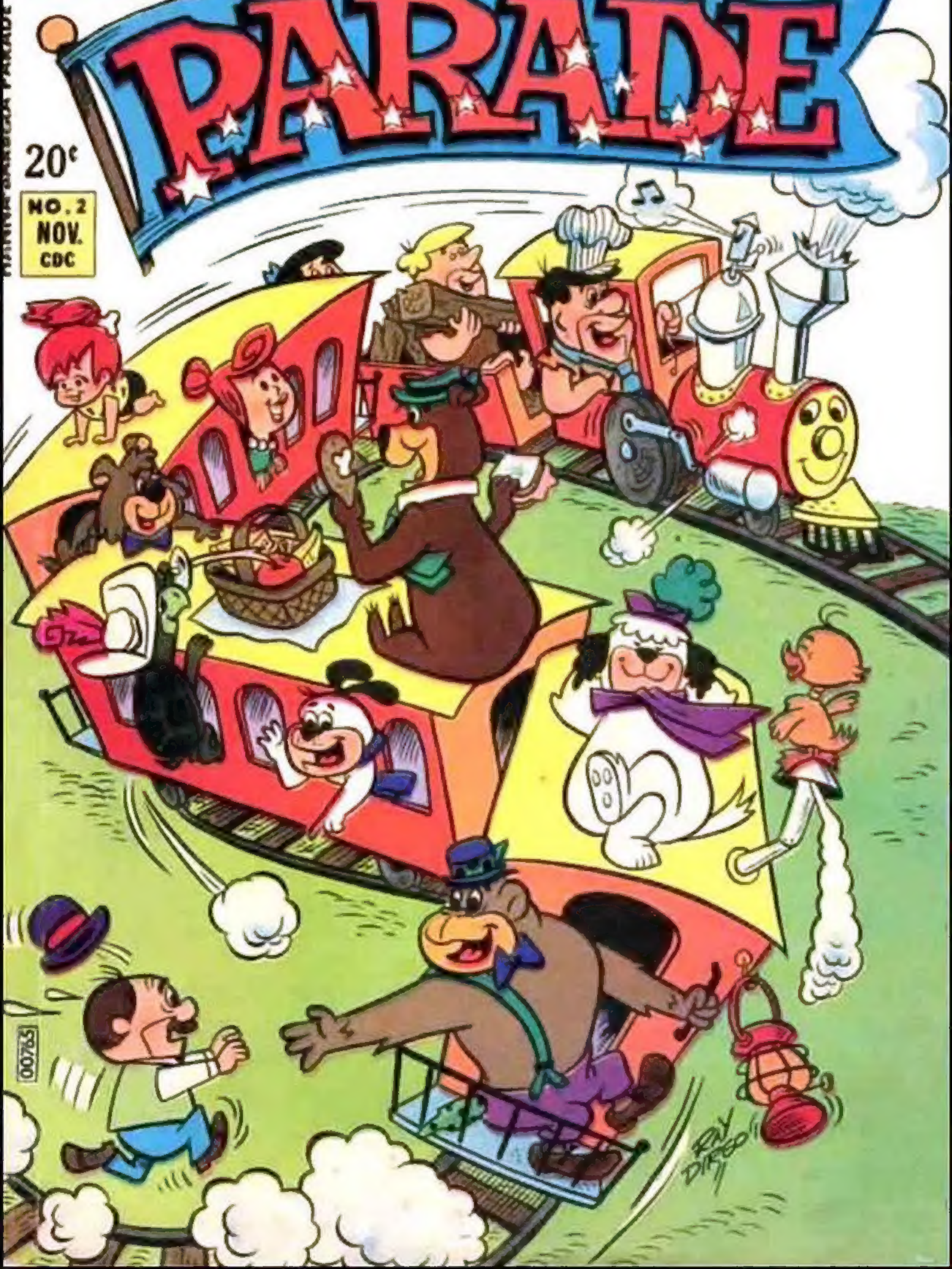


# PARADE

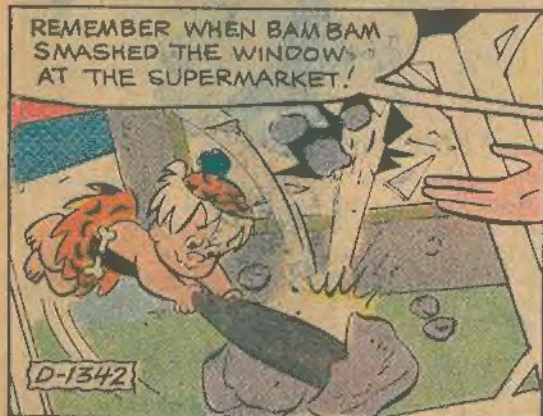
20¢

NO. 2  
NOV.  
CDC





# THE FLINTSTONES *in* REMEMBER WHEN?



HANNA-BARBERA PARADE

HANNA-BARBERA PARADE Vol. 1, No. 2, November, 1971.

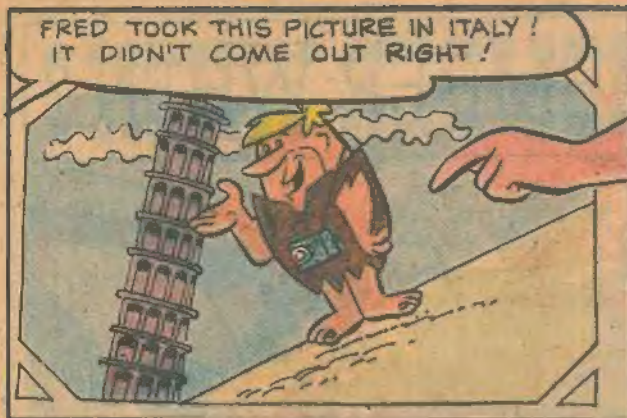
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division ST, Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1971 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.

This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

© 1971, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.



FRED TOOK THIS PICTURE IN ITALY!  
IT DIDN'T COME OUT RIGHT!



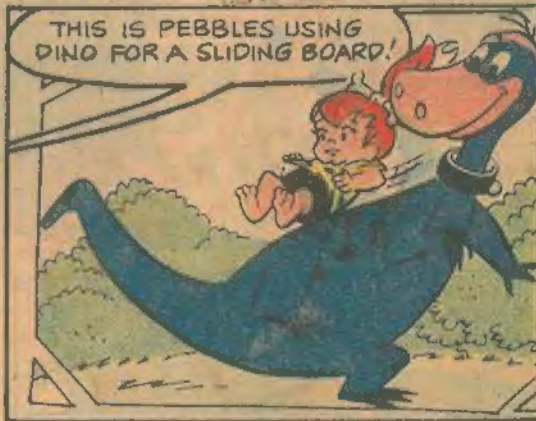
THIS IS WHEN BARNEY WON  
THE BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP!



AND FRED KEPT BORROWING  
IT SO HE COULD BOAST  
TO HIS FRIENDS?



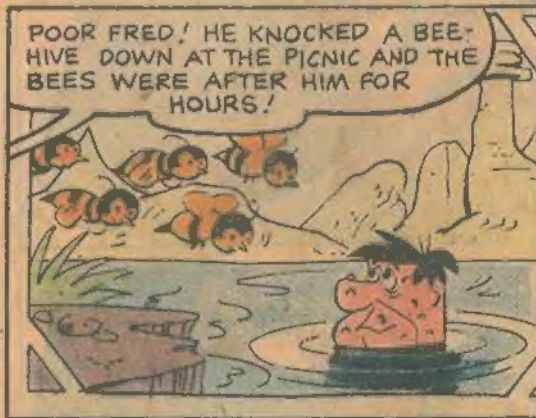
THIS IS PEBBLES USING  
DINO FOR A SLIDING BOARD!



LOOK AT BAM BAM...  
PUTTING OUT THE CANDLES  
ON HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY!



POOR FRED! HE KNOCKED A BEE-  
HIVE DOWN AT THE PICNIC AND THE  
BEES WERE AFTER HIM FOR  
HOURS!



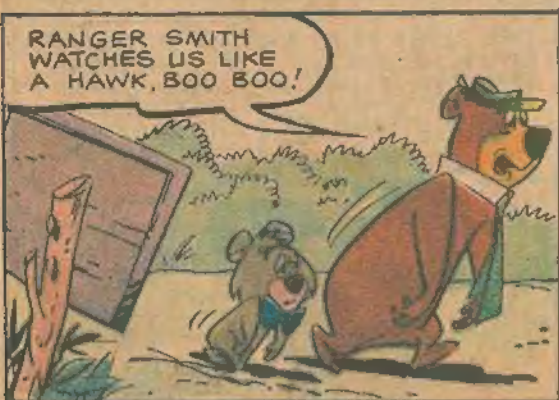
THE DAY YOU WERE MARRIED,  
WILMA, IT WAS SO HOT THAT THE  
RICE WE THREW WAS ALREADY  
BOILED! TEE HEE!



END



# YOGI BEAR <sup>in</sup> HARD TIMES COMIN'



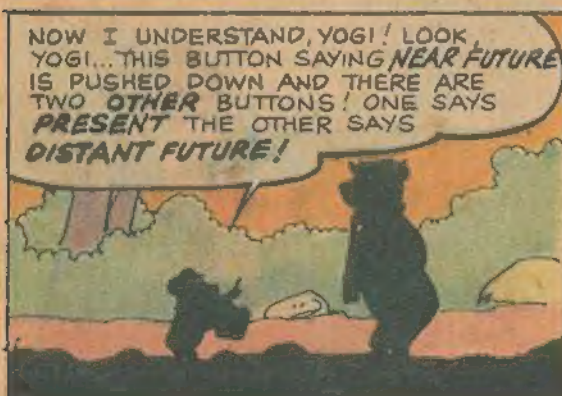








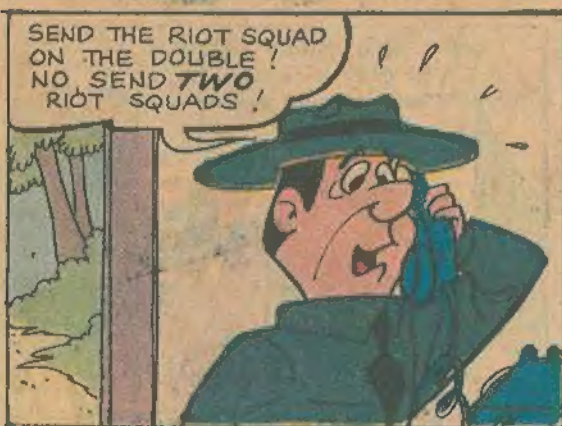








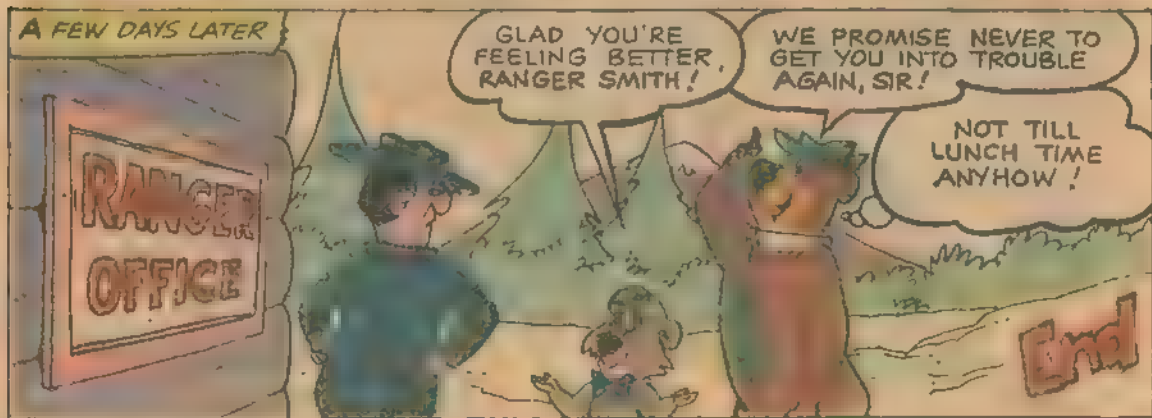
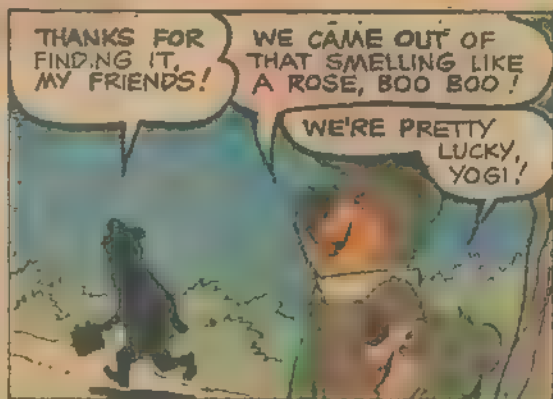
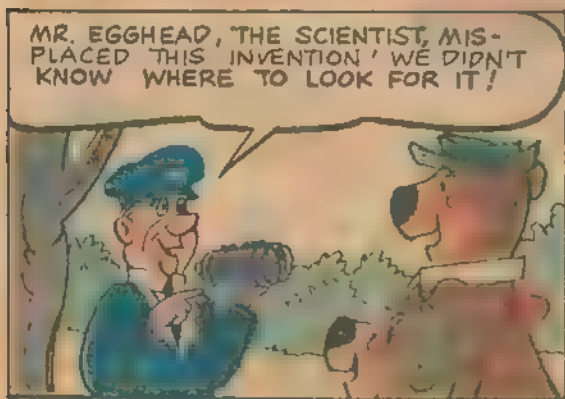
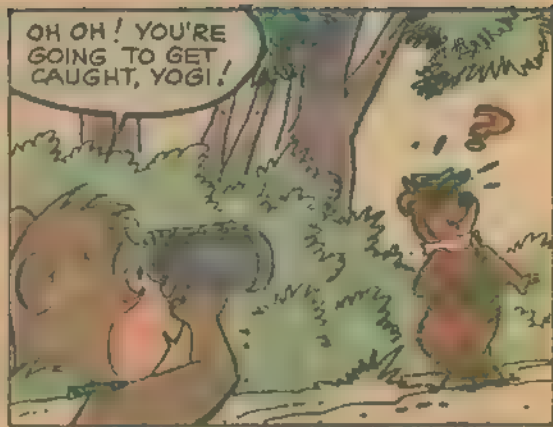
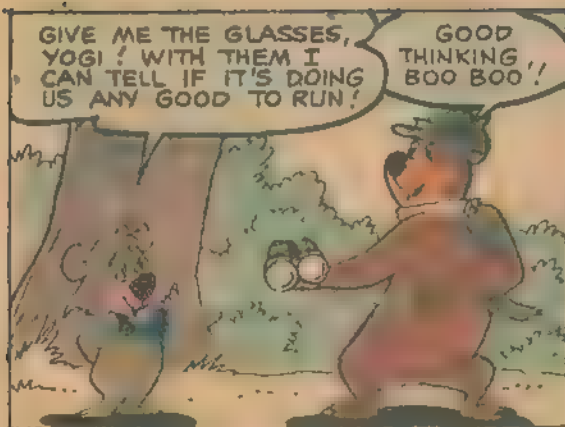














# MAGILLA GORILLA IN WHO NEEDS A BATH?







THE KITCHEN?  
OH, BOY, IS IT  
DINNER TIME  
ALREADY?



WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, BOSS?







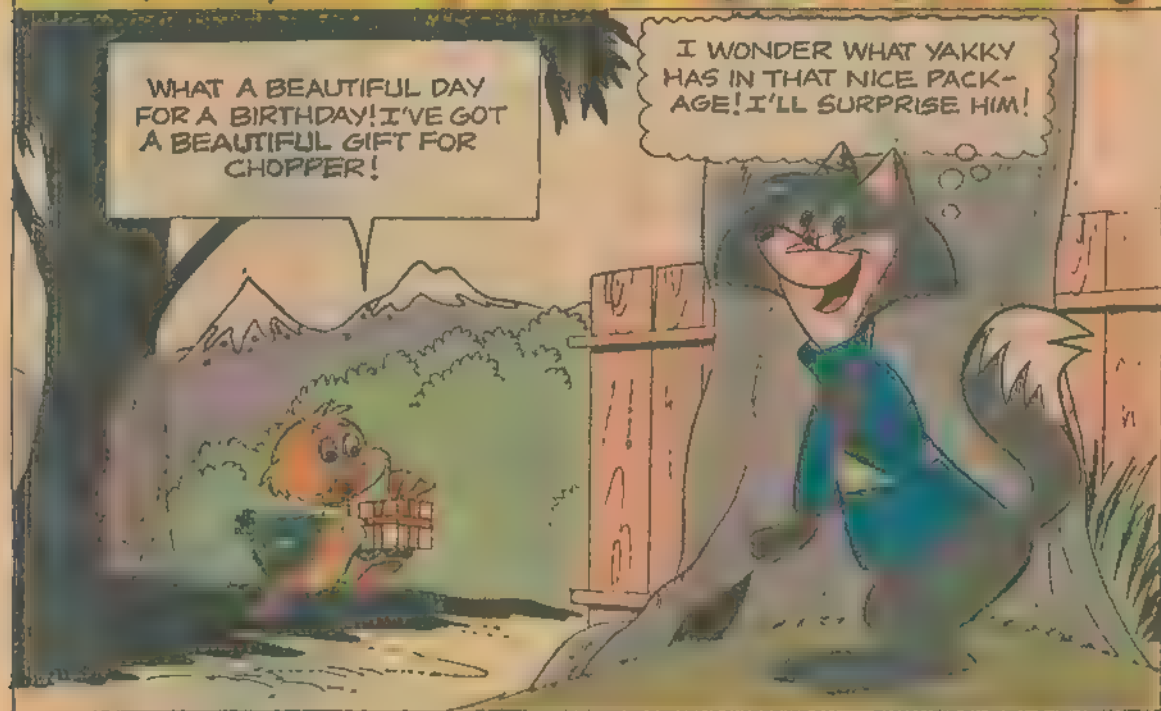
# FIBBER FOX and YAKKY

in

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY  
FOR A BIRTHDAY! I'VE GOT  
A BEAUTIFUL GIFT FOR  
CHOPPER!

I WONDER WHAT YAKKY  
HAS IN THAT NICE PACK-  
AGE! I'LL SURPRISE HIM!



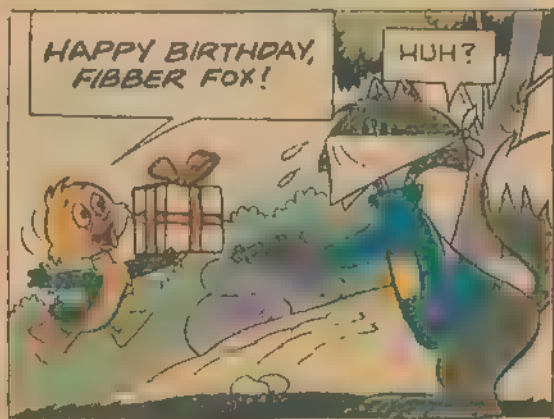
HANDS UP, YAKKY!  
THIS IS A HOLD-UP!

ULLP! FIBBER  
FOX! I'VE  
GOT TO  
THINK OF  
SOMETHING!



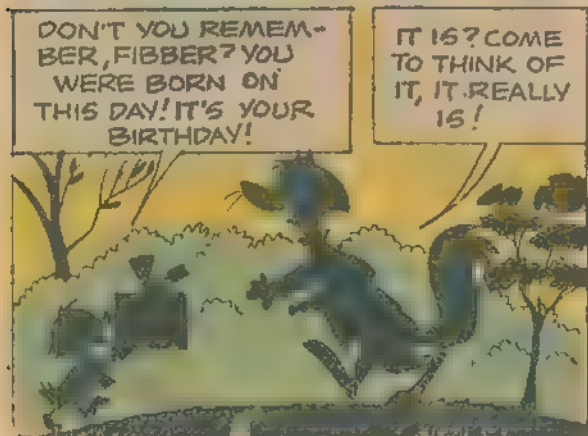
HAPPY BIRTHDAY,  
FIBBER FOX!

HUH?



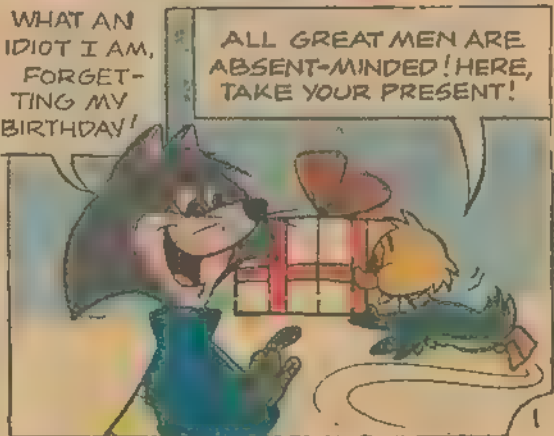
DON'T YOU REMEM-  
BER, FIBBER? YOU  
WERE BORN ON  
THIS DAY! IT'S YOUR  
BIRTHDAY!

IT IS? COME  
TO THINK OF  
IT, IT REALLY  
IS!



WHAT AN  
IDIOT I AM,  
FORGET-  
TING MY  
BIRTHDAY!

ALL GREAT MEN ARE  
ABSENT-MINDED! HERE,  
TAKE YOUR PRESENT!





A CAKE! HOW SWEET OF YOU, YAKKY!  
A CAKE JUST FOR ME!!!



HOLD IT, YAKKY!  
IT SEZ HERE,  
"FOR CHOPPER"...



REALLY, FIBBER? HOW  
CARELESS OF ME!  
I BROUGHT YOU  
CHOPPER'S CAKE  
INSTEAD OF YOURS!

WHY DID YOU  
GET A CAKE  
FOR CHOPPER?



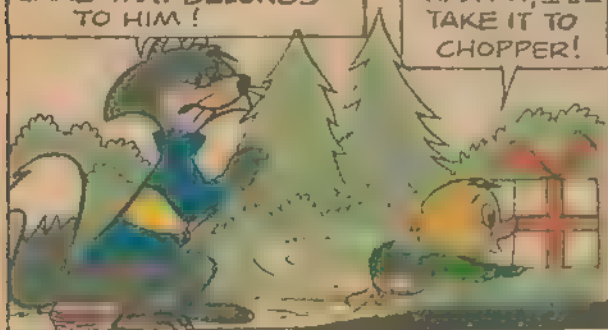
TODAY IS ALSO CHOP-  
PER'S BIRTHDAY, FIBBER  
FOX! QUITE A COINCID-  
ENCE, DON'T YOU THINK?

I DON'T  
LIKE HAV-  
ING THE  
SAME BIR-  
THDAY AS  
CHOPPER  
.....



.... AND I DON'T LIKE  
YOU BRINGING ME THE  
CAKE THAT BELONGS  
TO HIM!

WELL, IF  
YOU DON'T  
WANT IT, I'LL  
TAKE IT TO  
CHOPPER!



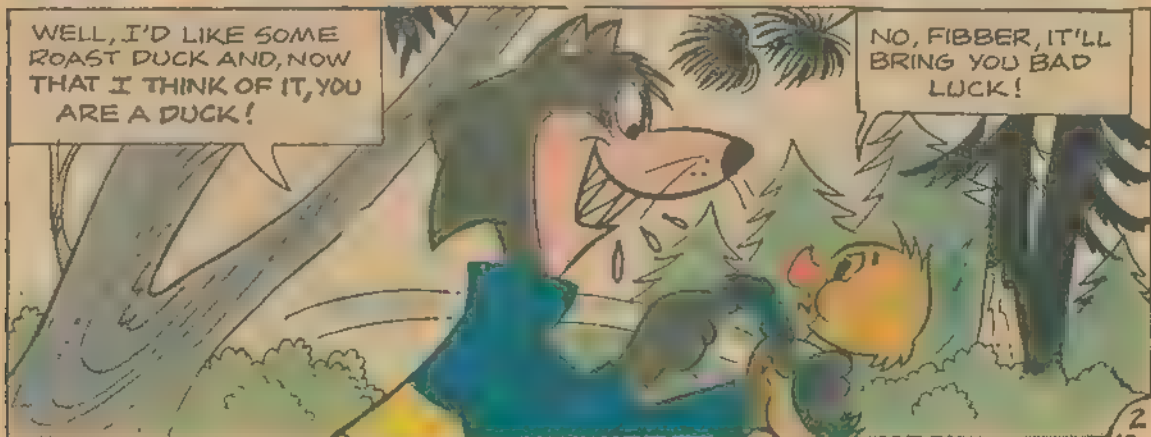
WAIT! WHAT  
ABOUT MY  
PRESENT!

ASK FOR ANY-  
THING! I'LL  
MAIL IT TO  
YOU!



WELL, I'D LIKE SOME  
ROAST DUCK AND, NOW  
THAT I THINK OF IT, YOU  
ARE A DUCK!

NO, FIBBER, IT'LL  
BRING YOU BAD  
LUCK!





EVERYBODY KNOWS  
FOXES ARE NEVER  
SUPPOSED TO EAT DUCK  
ON THEIR BIRTHDAY  
**IT'S BAD LUCK!**

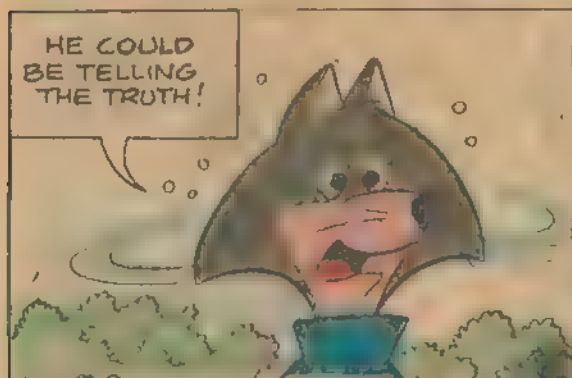
DON'T TRY TO  
CON ME, YAKKY!  
YOU ARE MY  
BIRTHDAY PRE-  
SENT! SLURRP!



YOU'RE A FINE BIRTHDAY  
PRESENT FOR ANY HUNGRY  
FOX, YAKKY!

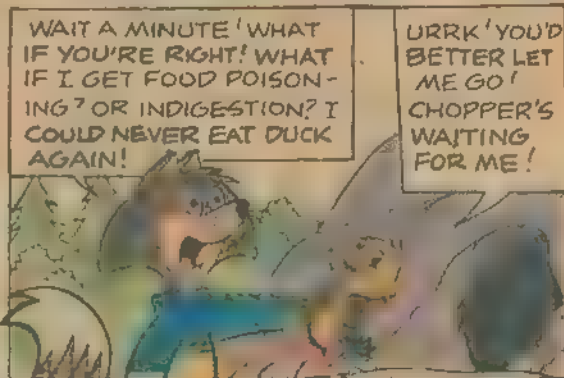


HE COULD  
BE TELLING  
THE TRUTH!

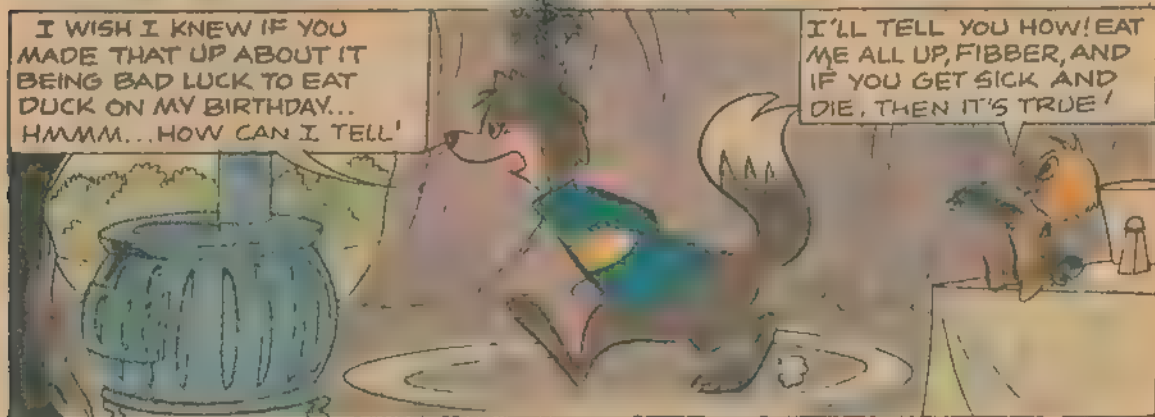


WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT  
IF YOU'RE RIGHT! WHAT  
IF I GET FOOD POISON-  
ING? OR INDIGESTION? I  
COULD NEVER EAT DUCK  
AGAIN!

URRK! YOU'D  
BETTER LET  
ME GO!  
CHOPPER'S  
WAITING  
FOR ME!



I WISH I KNEW IF YOU  
MADE THAT UP ABOUT IT  
BEING BAD LUCK TO EAT  
DUCK ON MY BIRTHDAY...  
HMMM... HOW CAN I TELL!



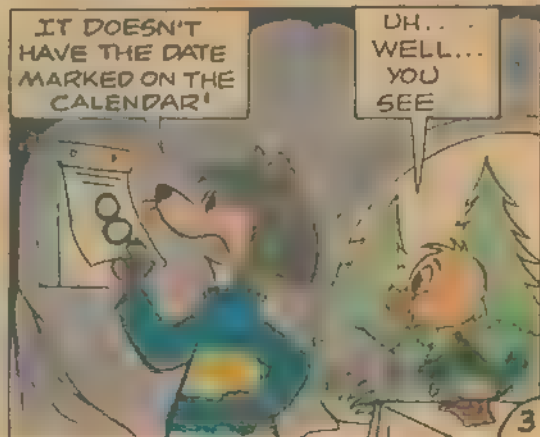
I'LL TELL YOU HOW! EAT  
ME ALL UP, FIBBER, AND  
IF YOU GET SICK AND  
DIE, THEN IT'S TRUE!



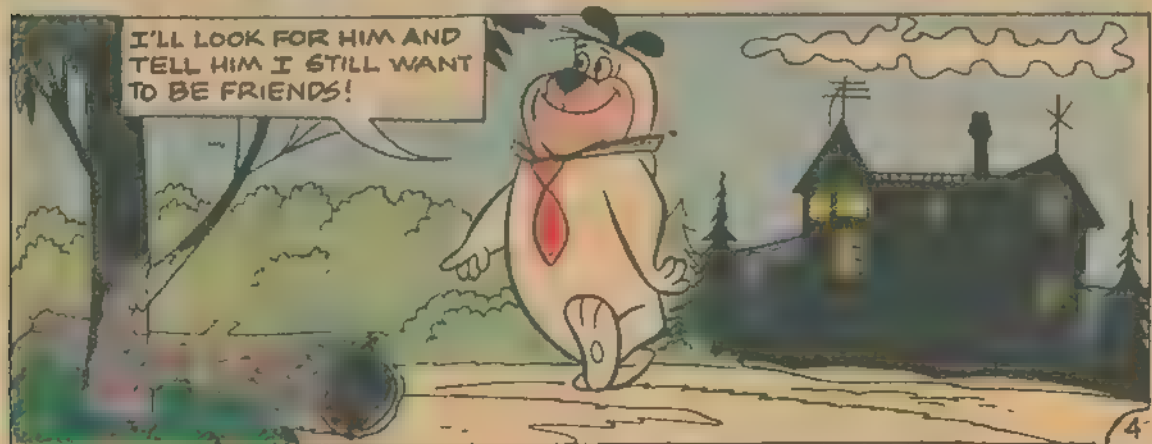
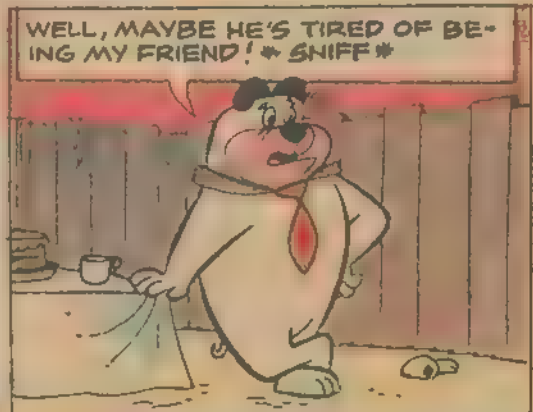
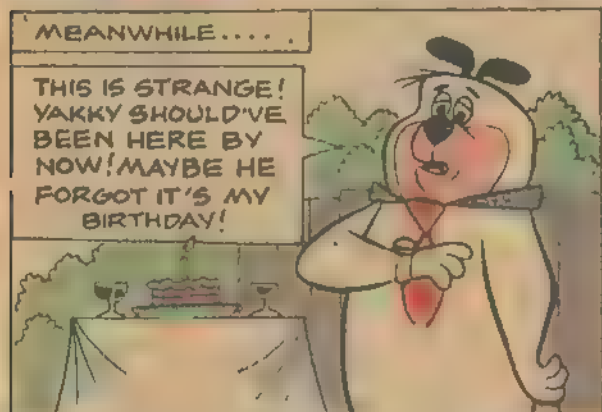
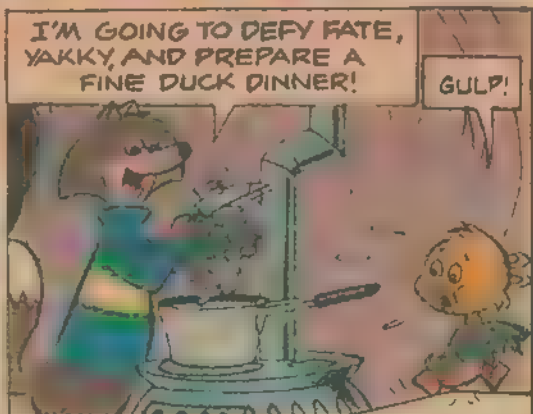
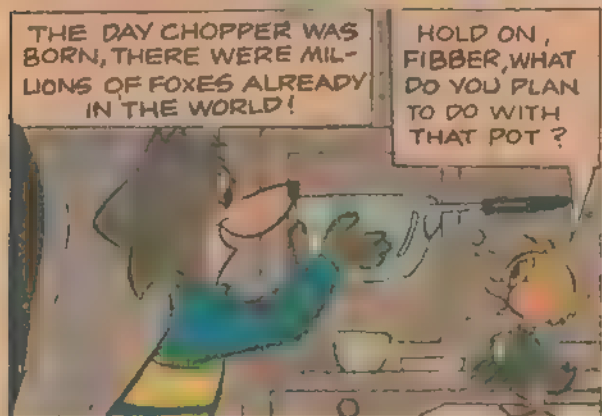
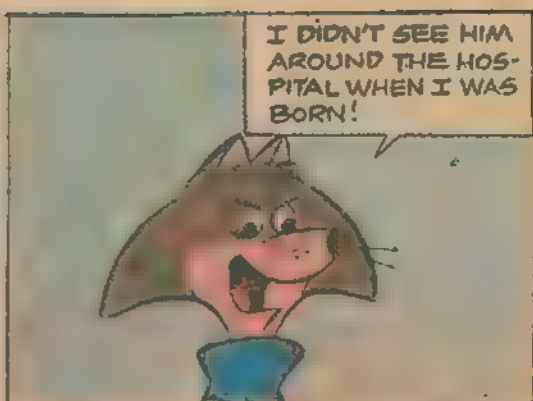
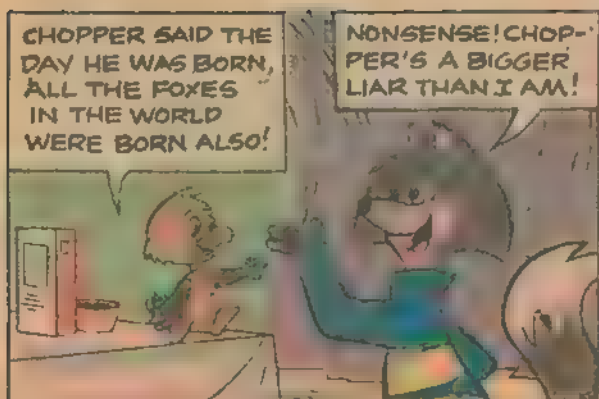
HOLD IT! HOW DID YOU  
KNOW TODAY'S MY  
BIRTHDAY IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW?

IT DOESN'T  
HAVE THE DATE  
MARKED ON THE  
CALENDAR!

UH...  
WELL...  
YOU  
SEE

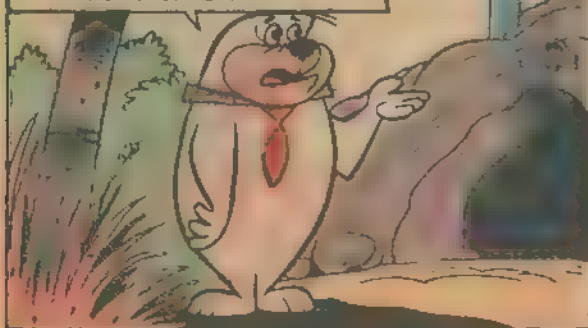




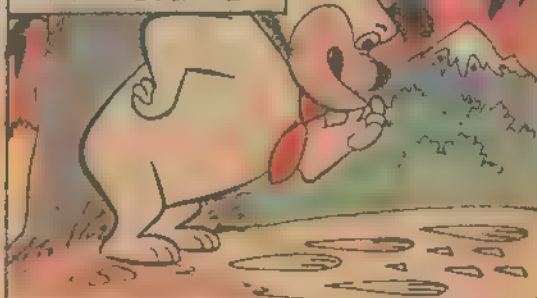




THIS IS ODD! SMOKE IS  
COMING FROM FIBBER'S  
CHIMNEY! HE NEVER BATS  
AT HOME!



HMMM... DUCK  
TRACKS AND FOX  
TRACKS... BUT THEY  
DON'T USUALLY  
WALK TOGETHER!



HMMM... WHAT IS FIBBER UP TO THIS  
TIME? IT BETTER NOT BE WHAT  
I'M THINKING!



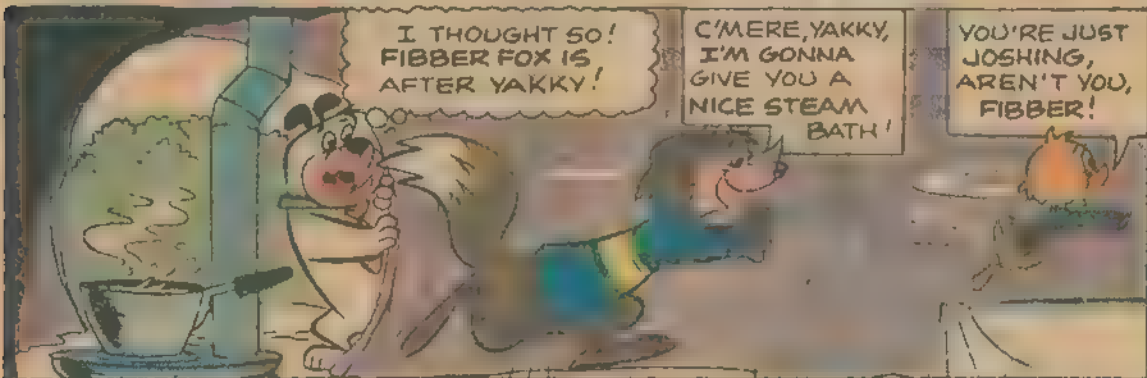
I'LL TAKE A PEEK  
IN FIBBER'S PLACE!



I THOUGHT SO!  
FIBBER FOX IS  
AFTER YAKKY!

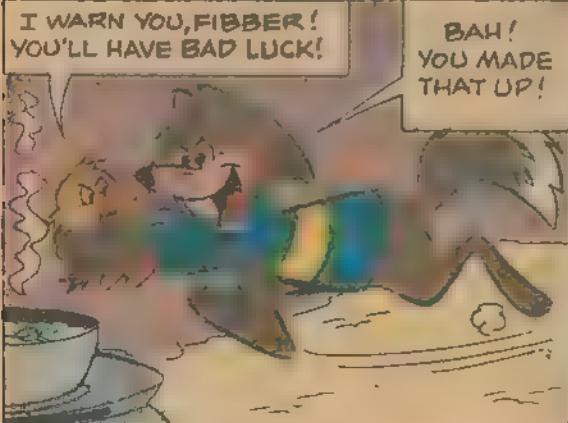
C'MERE, YAKKY,  
I'M GONNA  
GIVE YOU A  
NICE STEAM  
BATH!

YOU'RE JUST  
JOSHING,  
AREN'T YOU,  
FIBBER!



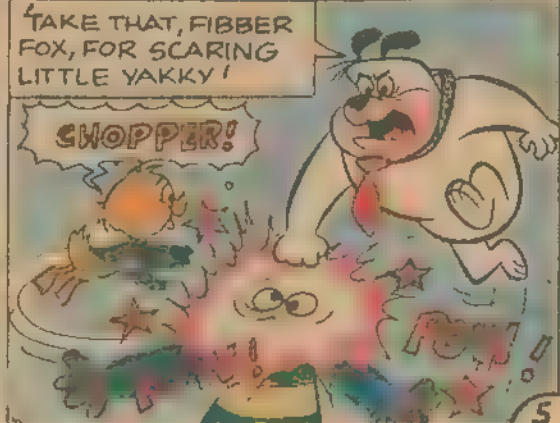
I WARN YOU, FIBBER!  
YOU'LL HAVE BAD LUCK!

BAH!  
YOU MADE  
THAT UP!

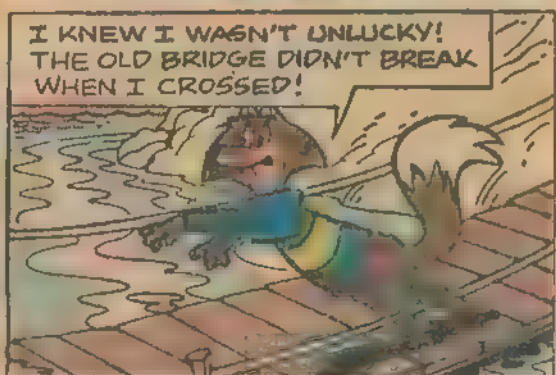
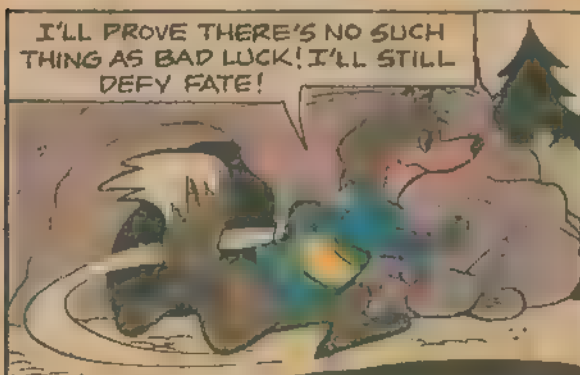
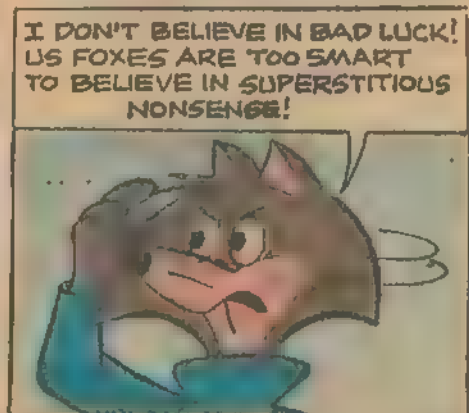
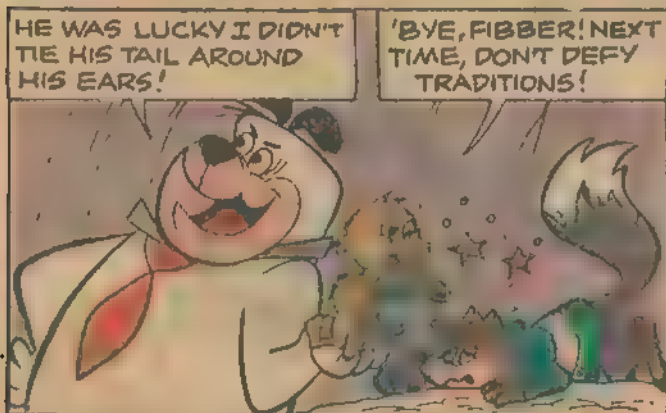
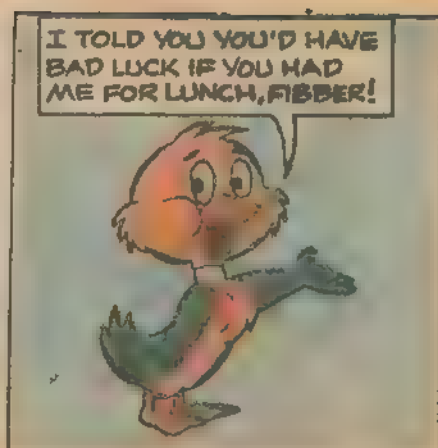
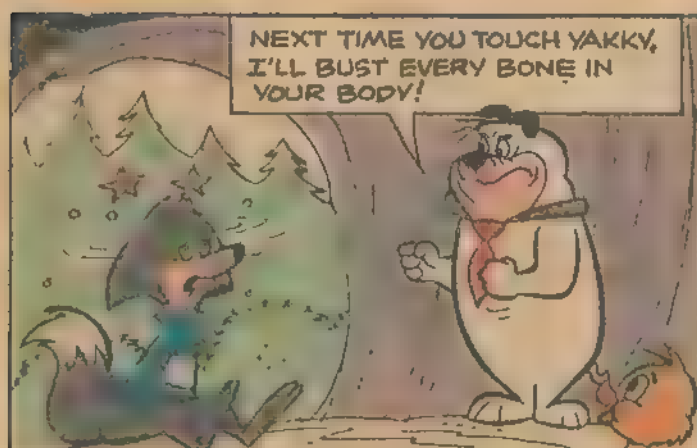


TAKE THAT, FIBBER  
FOX, FOR SCARING  
LITTLE YAKKY!

SHOPPER!



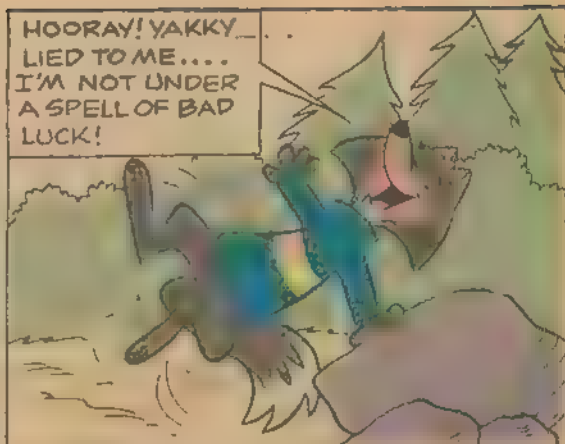








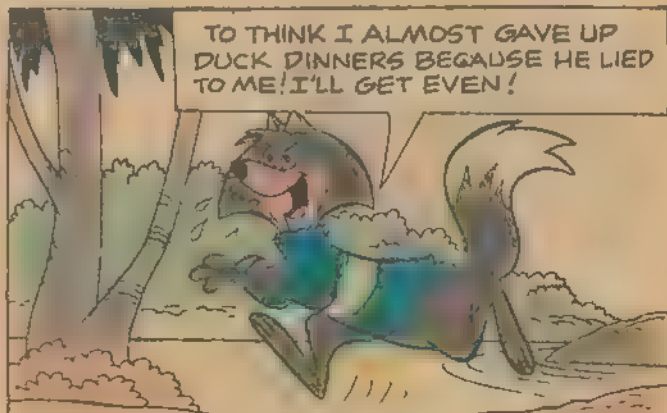
I DON'T HAVE  
BAD LUCK, I'VE  
GOT GOOD LUCK!  
I DON'T EVEN  
CATCH COLD IF  
I GET MY FEET  
WET!



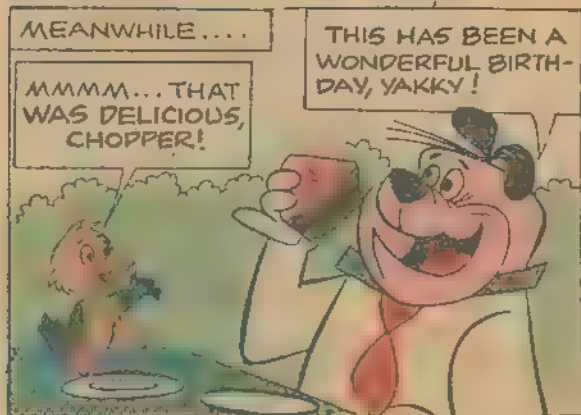
HOORAY! YAKKY...  
LIED TO ME....  
I'M NOT UNDER  
A SPELL OF BAD  
LUCK!



THIS MEANS I CAN EAT A  
DUCK DINNER ON MY  
BIRTHDAY!



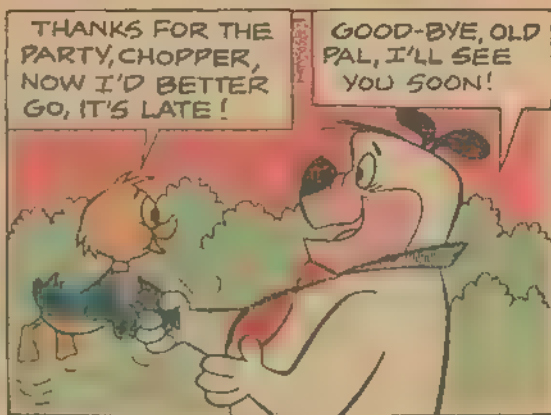
TO THINK I ALMOST GAVE UP  
DUCK DINNERS BECAUSE HE LIED  
TO ME! I'LL GET EVEN!



MEANWHILE....

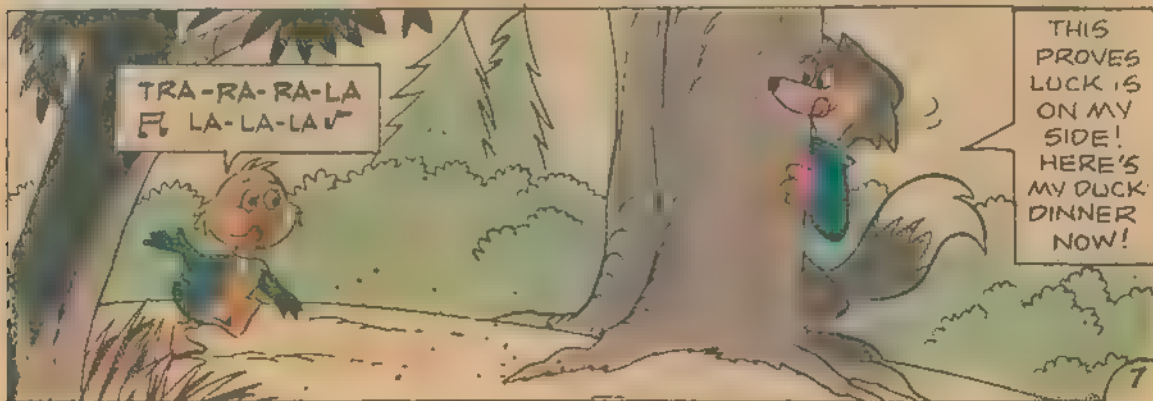
MMMM... THAT  
WAS DELICIOUS,  
CHOPPER!

THIS HAS BEEN A  
WONDERFUL BIRTH-  
DAY, YAKKY!



THANKS FOR THE  
PARTY, CHOPPER,  
NOW I'D BETTER  
GO, IT'S LATE!

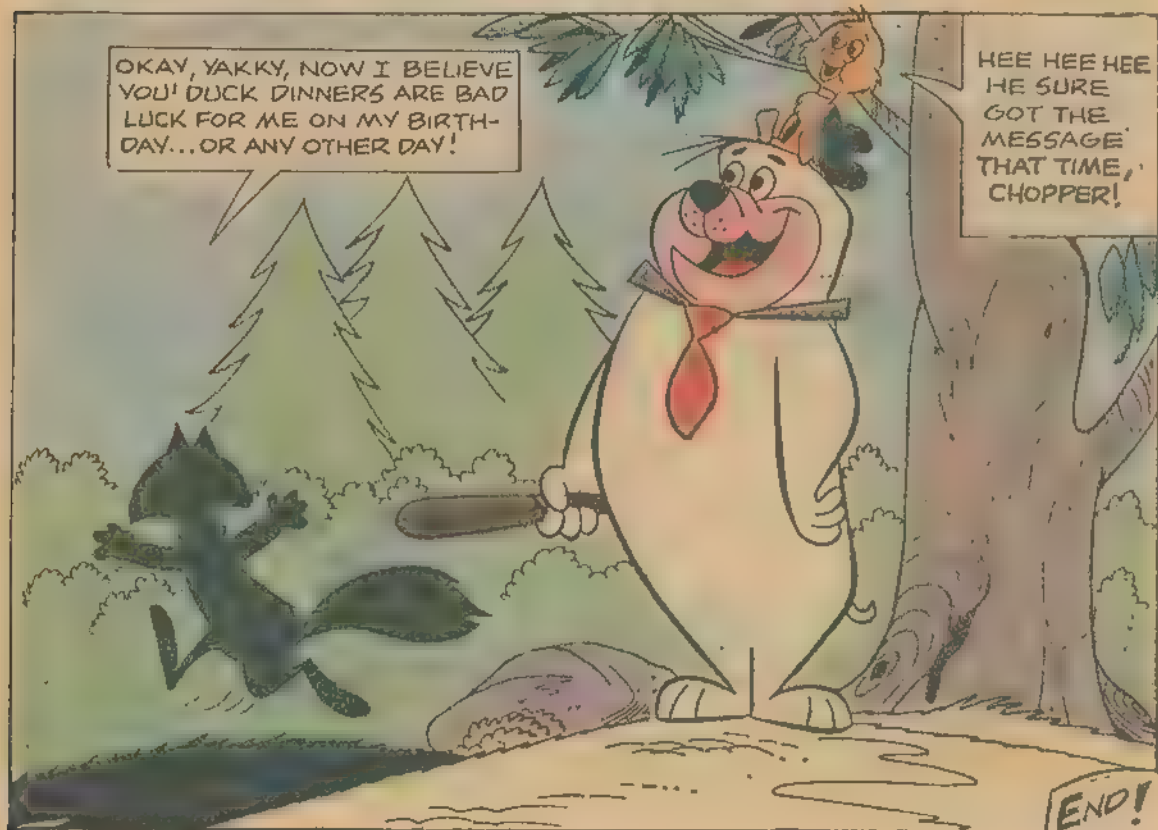
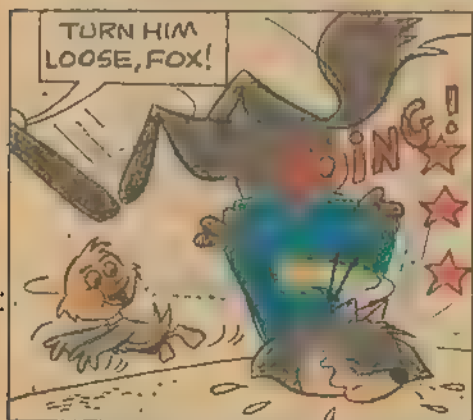
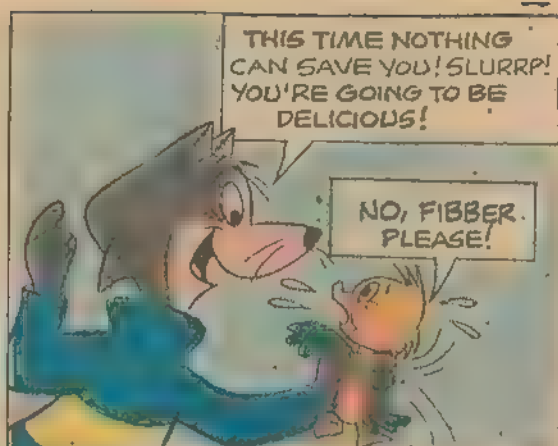
GOOD-BYE, OLD  
PAL, I'LL SEE  
YOU SOON!



TRA-RA-RA-LA  
LA-LA-LA-LA

THIS  
PROVES  
LUCK IS  
ON MY  
SIDE!  
HERE'S  
MY DUCK  
DINNER  
NOW!







# THE DIAPER PIN KID in *CLEAN UP CRIME*

I.

I am the Diaper Pin Kid,  
I have done what I did,  
Cleaned up the Old West,  
So now it is the best,  
I shot off it's Lidl!

VI.

Sam Stupo was the first to fight,  
I hit him with all my small might,  
He was so near...  
Got him on the left ear,  
So he looked a very sorry sight.

II.

I got called in a hurry,  
To ride to Old Mudbury,  
For trouble was brewing.  
It was Mike Moler's doing,  
And the sheriff had a worry.

VII.

Next was one called Danny Din,  
I kicked him on the left shin,  
He ran for the door,  
But slipped on the floor,  
Which made everyone there grin.

III.

For a song they all sang,  
Of Mike Moler's tough gang,  
It was a disgrace,  
How he shot up the place,  
With a noise like a bang!

VIII.

You could see they were scared,  
As they saw how each one fared,  
I was something new,  
They didn't know what to do,  
To fight back, none dared.

IV.

They drank the hard stuff,  
To make them feel rough,  
But I only took milk,  
Felt like pure silk,  
Knew when I had enough.

IX.

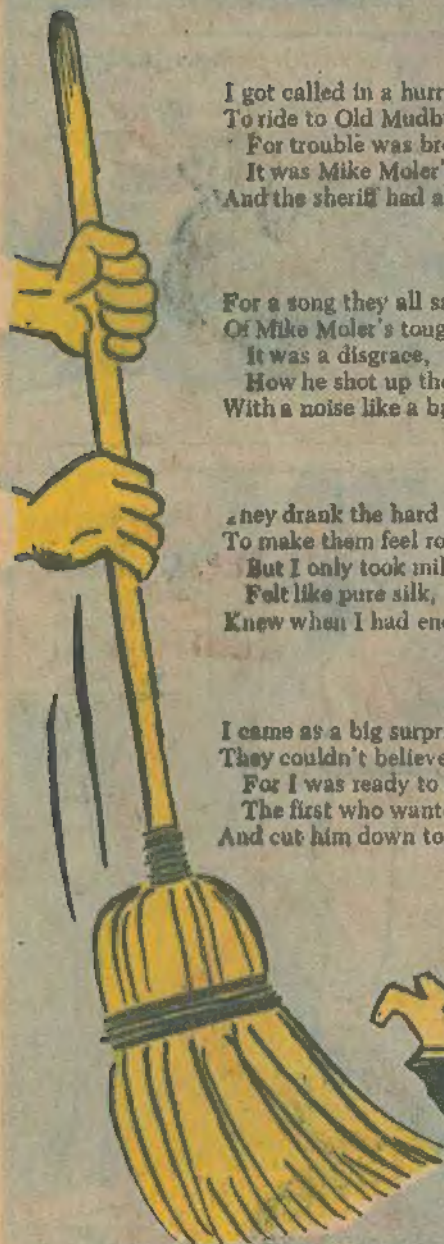
Get out of this town before it's too late,  
Or all of you will meet a dreadful fate,  
Leave the path of crime,  
I give you enough time,  
Or with the judge you will have a date.

V.

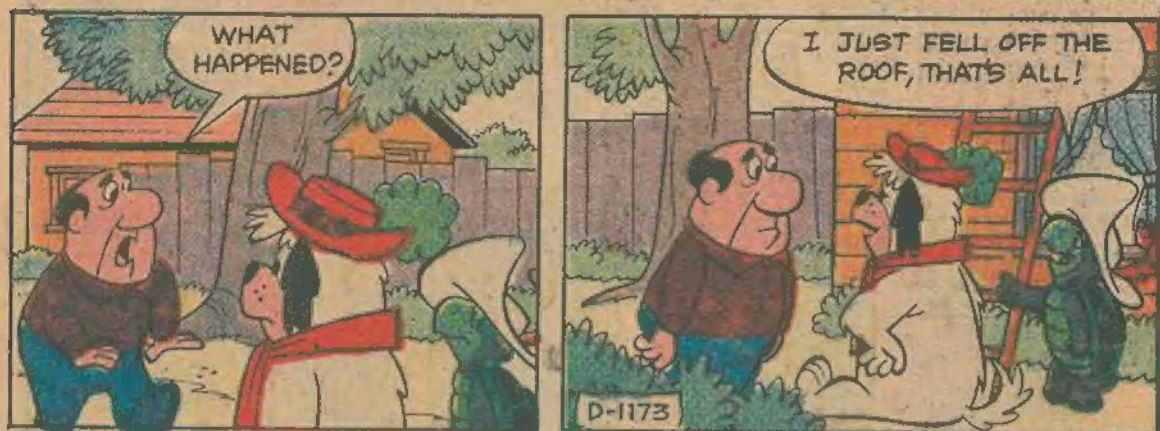
I came as a big surprise,  
They couldn't believe their eyes,  
For I was ready to bite,  
The first who wanted to fight,  
And cut him down to my size..

X.

Then Mike Moler really began to cry,  
He would sob and sob and sigh,  
My gang is at an end,  
I haven't now one friend,  
So I will be honest until I die.







CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



